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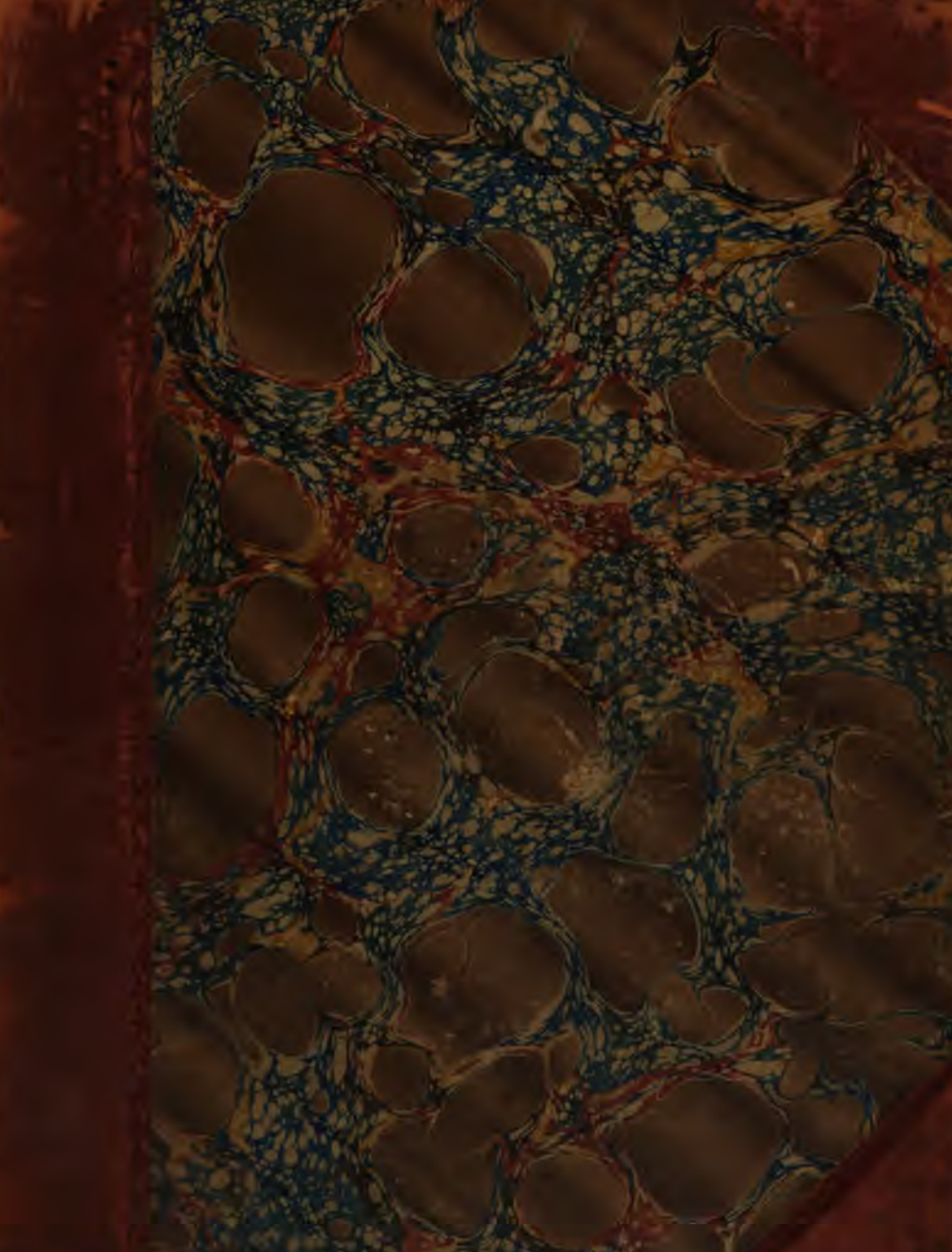
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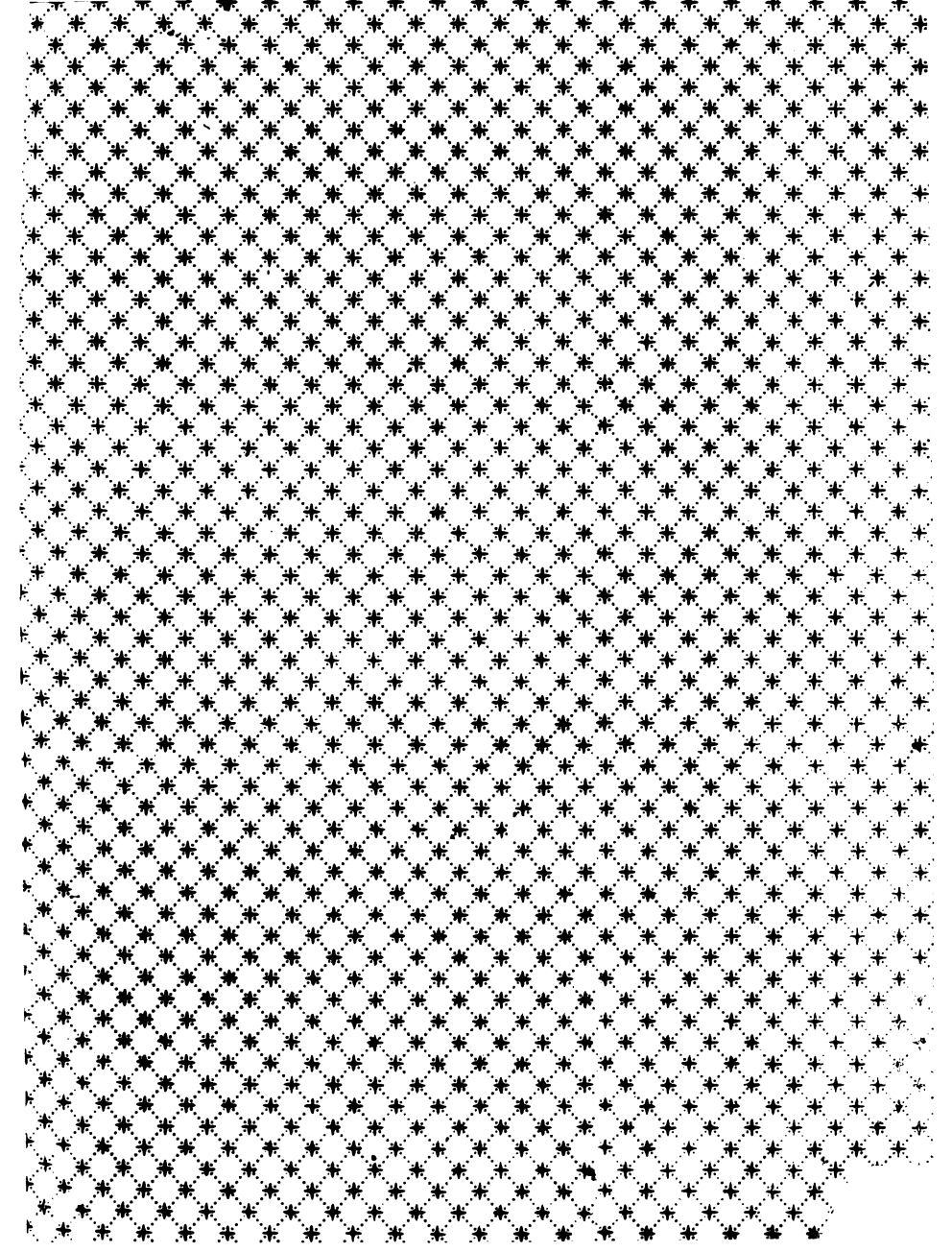
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Anne Osred

from his friend M^r. Labouchere

Harrogate 4 Sept^r 1847



GREEN'S

NURSERY ANNUAL



LONDON:

DARTON & CLARK.

1847


LIBRARY

INTRODUCTORY LETTER,

TO BE READ BY ALL MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

My dear Little Readers,

I AM not a child in years, for I am old enough to be a grandfather to some of you; but I am a child in spirit. I mean that I could play with you all, if I knew you, and rejoice in your laughter; and delight in your enjoyments, and weep for your sakes when your little sorrows trouble you, and could share my cake with you, and let you enjoy not *my* toys, for they were given away long ago, but the toys and amuse-

ments which I once enjoyed, and which I could buy for you, if we knew each other. I could play at Blind Man's Buff with you—or Puss in the Corner—or Forfeits—or Riddles—or any of the nice games which kind parents obtain for good children. I could enjoy all these things with you, for there is profit even in play, and a good toy often shows how wonderfully good God has been to us, in giving us so much ability to make everything. Yes, it is indeed wonderful, to think what a valuable treasure we all possess in ourselves. A clever man can do almost anything. He can build a house or a ship—or make a watch or a clock—and he can make a small quantity of water and a little fire carry a thousand persons a thousand miles in twenty hours, or less. And what other living thing could do the same?

A clever man can also fill a large silk bag with gas, such as we burn in lamps, and make it carry him up into the clouds, and travel away to distant lands. A man can, in fact, do almost anything with industry and perseverance.

Now all these gifts are indeed wonderful, and we ought to be very thankful for them, and I am thankful for them, and so will you be, when you are a little older.

Suppose we were to give a cow a needle and thread and a thimble, and tell it to make a frock or a coat, Don't you think it would be a laughable thing?

Or suppose we were to give a monkey, which is a very cunning, clever animal, all the tools and materials necessary for making a watch, Don't you think he would make a curious use of them?

Or suppose we were to offer this book, which I have made for you, to a whale, and tell the whale to read it, Don't you think it would be more likely to swallow it, than to read it? Yet men and monkeys, cows and whales, all enjoy the blessings of one kind Providence. God cares for everything that lives, and as we know that, we ought to be grateful; let us be so, and by avoiding all bad actions, show that we love Him dearly. The little poems and tales which this

book contains, are meant to do good to your young minds, that you may be happy men and women. Read them attentively—think of them often—and believe me,

Your sincere Friend,

THE EDITOR.

GREEN'S

NURSERY ANNUAL.

ARTHUR'S BIRTH-DAY.*

A MORE beautiful morning never appeared than that which awoke little Arthur Maitland to the happy consciousness of the arrival of his eighth birth-day.

Arthur thought the little birds were singing more sweetly; the flowers looked more lovely than usual; and he was quite sure that the sun had never before shone so brightly as on this happy day. His eyes sparkled with joy at the anticipated pleasure of the day; a great many of his playmates were to join him in a variety of

* See Frontispiece and Title.

games, both in the house and grounds, which were very extensive.

There were ponds, containing gold and silver fish, fountains, arbours, moss-house, aviaries, and even a glass bee-hive, where Arthur and his little sisters spent many an hour in seeing the bees make their honey.

Arthur thought of the pleasures in store for him, till, in an ecstacy of joy he skipped about the room, saying, "I'm the happiest boy alive. I wish every little boy had as good a father and mother as I have; they never refuse me anything. How I wish I had a little boy to be as kind to as my father is to me! I wonder whether poor children keep their birth-days! If they do not, I will ask father and mother to let them come and keep mine."

As soon as he was dressed, he ran to his father's dressing-room.

"Dear father, I have a favour to ask," said the little boy; "I hope you will not refuse me."

"Let me hear what it is, Arthur, and if I can, with propriety, I will not deny it."

"I wish to have some of the poor children belonging to the school to have tea and cake in the meadow to-day, for I suppose they are not allowed to have a party on their birth-days."

"They shall by all means come, my dear boy," said Mr. Maitland, embracing him, "and may Heaven preserve you to be a blessing to all around you. If little boys are kind to all who are poorer than themselves, there is no doubt they will grow up to be good and kind men. Go to your mother, Arthur, who is longing to kiss and wish her little son 'many happy returns of the day.'"

He soon returned with his mother and little sisters; and Mr. Maitland, leading Arthur to the meadows, introduced him to one of the most beautiful little ponies you ever saw.

"It is your own, my love," said his mother, "as a birth-day present from your father and myself."

"How very kind of you, dear father and mother. You are always surprising me with something new and beautiful. Thank you,

thank you," said Arthur. "And Mary and Lucy can ride, too. Oh, it will be so delightful!"

Mr. and Mrs. Maitland had granted their little boy's request very readily, for they loved all good children, both rich and poor; and the reason why they did so was because they loved and feared God, and those who do so always love their neighbours. In the cold weather they delighted to put nice warm clothing on the poor little children, who otherwise would have felt the cold bleak wind blowing through their thin garments, and to send them comfortable provisions; for they knew that God had given them money to do good with, and they were never so happy as when they had made the hearts of the poor to rejoice.

Mr. Maitland's house was very handsome. There were lamps, and ornaments, and pictures, which were so interesting that Arthur was never tired of hearing his mother talk of them. Then he had a play-room, with everything likely to suit a little boy's fancy, if he were good.

Little Arthur received his company with great

kindness and good-nature. They were such a merry, happy little group, with blue eyes, and grey eyes, and brown eyes, and black eyes, and hair of all shades, from flaxen to jet black. Away they went, hopping and skipping, and followed Arthur into the meadow, to see the pretty little pony which had been given him that day. It had such a beautiful long tail and mane, almost as pretty as the curling hair which was on the happy little heads of the light-hearted children. Then it had such pretty eyes and ears, and, better than all that, little May (for so Arthur Maitland called it) would never kick, or bite, or do any such naughty tricks; but he could gallop, and trot, and canter, and amble, just as he was wanted, and could eat apples as well as any of his admirers, and had already begun to poke his nose most affectionately into his new master's pockets, to see if there were anything nice for him; and all present were of opinion that he would have made no more of taking it out of the pocket than any of them would of taking a slice of cake off a plate.

Little May was saddled, and his master was the first to ride him about the meadow. He had been taught to ride, and little Harry Thomas, a boy with black eyes and rosy cheeks, stroked the pony's nose, and called his sister, Sophy, to feel how soft it was.

All Arthur's little playmates were to ride by turns; but as only one could ride at a time, Arthur's little sisters, Lucy, Mary, and Jane, showed the little girls their pretty pet lamb, and they were soon very busy in picking flowers and making them into a garland, to adorn Fanny, who was a sensible and well-behaved lamb, who entered into all the arrangements and amusements of the day as well as any of the party.

The little girls bent down lovingly and kissed her, and rubbed their faces and hands all over her coat, till little lambkin Fanny almost thought it was her birth-day, she was so very happy.

"Dear Lucy," said little Amy Roberts, as she stooped down and pressed her own cheek against that of the lamb, "do tell us how you came by it."

"Father bought it for us of a farmer, who did not like to have the trouble of a sickly lamb; and we nursed it, and it soon grew strong and hearty, and now, out of gratitude, it loves us all very much. Father says Fanny sets many children a good example in this respect, and so we all think."

Little Mary stooped down and held the lamb's leg while the garland was arranged.

At a short distance a group of tiny children were amusing themselves with a beautiful little spaniel. Two little hands held him up, and others dropped something from time to time into the little animal's mouth, who allowed himself to be pulled about in all directions by the visitors.

Farther on might be seen some a little older, playing with battledore and shuttlecock, while the remaining few lounged on the grass till their turn came to ride on little May; then the merry children formed themselves into little rings, and danced like so many fairies; afterwards, dropping the hands, and finally tumbling about, without any rule or order, from excess of joy.

Hitherto all had passed without dispute, or even an angry word; but at length one or two would not join in the diversion which the rest had chosen, and the happy party were disturbed by grumbling voices. Little mouths, which ought to have been smiling, were pouting, and a determined stand was made by little feet, which would have been glad to have joined in the very game which they refused, but for the ill-tempers which pervaded their whole frames. How very ugly these naughty children looked: so different from the rest. Did the others behave unkindly to them, or did they push them away and say they should not play at all? No; nothing of the sort. Arthur said, Papa wishes all to be pleased on my birth-day; so he set an example of kindness, and the others followed. One spoke kindly, and kissed these two foolish little children, and asked them to play, and promised they should choose the next game; and you cannot imagine how very capitally the plan answered; for in such a short time these silly children were jumping about and looking so happy, and had kissed all

the others, and everything again was joy and delight.

I do not mean to tell you who these two children were who pouted and grumbled, because I am afraid you would not like them, for nobody likes to see pouting lips. So, as I said before, everybody became very good, and the bell rang —yes, a real bell, such as very little children often wish to ring, but are not allowed. Well, as soon as Fanny heard the bell ring (for she knew the way of the house as well as anybody), she shook her head; as much as to say to her little mistresses, "Pray, walk in, Miss Lucy, Miss Mary, and Miss Jane; and you too, Master Arthur. O, your mother has had such nice things prepared for your dinner; and, as I am dressed for a party, take me in with your visitors, for I am as fond of my dinner as they are. Then she shook her head again like a fantastical little lady, and made a little bell, which Lucy had fastened round her neck, ring too. Then Fidele, the spaniel, looked up to see what was going on; and seeming to remember that he had a bell as well as

Fanny, shook his head as wisely as she had done hers, and so his bell rang; and this was all in honour of Arthur's birth-day.

Little May, seeing everybody else so merry and active, began to gallop about in right earnest, and he only upset, but did not in the least hurt, a stout elderly gentleman of about four years, who got up, and with the others ran about, till they felt very hungry, when they walked into the dining-room, Fanny, Fidele and all—the two latter important personages having stayed in the room long enough to show their respects to the assembled guests, left the room. Well, everything on the dinner table was very nice, for I told you Fanny, the lamb, was a good judge of such matters. There was turkey for those ladies and gentlemen who did not like fowl, and fish for those who did not like soup; and for those gentlemen who were determined to be staunch Englishmen, there was roast beef. Mr. and Mrs. Maitland asked each guest which part they preferred, as if there had been none younger than fifty. Mr. Thomas took wine at dinner with Miss

Smith, Mr. Arthur Maitland with Miss Amy Roberts; so all the gentlemen and ladies took wine, and bowed, and smiled; and when the dessert came, they all drank to Arthur's health, and wished him many happy returns of the day: and I dare say they all wished to be invited next time.

After the dinner was over, what, little friends, do you think Mr. Maitland proposed? I must tell you, for I am sure you would never guess. He asked the stout elderly gentleman who had been upset, and his brother, and some others who were not very old, if they would go to bed for a little rest.

Well, you would never have forgotten it as long as you live, if you had heard how they laughed. It is my belief that they wanted to make out that they were too old to go to bed at all. So they sat up and looked very grand, and sometimes very merry—in all which they were copied by Fidele, who was so well behaved and sensible, that he never offered to make the least noise, excepting once or twice, in a gentlemanly

way, he said "bow wow;" for he recollected that he had forgotten to do so when the company arrived, and he knew that the blame was his own, and not his master's, if his manners were not such as became a polite dog, for he had the best instruction.

At the second "bow wow," Mr. Maitland, not knowing of Fidele's omission, looked at him stedfastly, and he cast down his eyes and remained silent. Then they looked at the gold and silver fish, and saw a picture of a bear who went to school with two boys for a long time; but whether he got tired of school, or made a mistake and thought the holidays were come, I never could make out: I rather think he wanted to go home to see his friends; so he went.

"Now," said Mr. Maitland, "how long do you think he supposed the vacation was?" Everybody said some time, but no one said right; so Mr. Maitland said, "seven years afterwards he came to school again, but he knew none of the scholars; so he warmed himself, and ate all the sandwiches out of the scholars' bags, which I

dare say he relished very much, and was never heard of afterwards."

"Father," said Arthur, "I will tell the story of old Fidele. I called my dog after him, because he was so very kind to his master."

"What did he do, Arthur?"

"His master went out to bathe, and would have been drowned, but that Fidele saved his life by pulling him out of the water, and laid him on the grass. Then he ran home as fast as ever he could, and scratched so very hard at the door, that he almost frightened them; and when he got in, he pulled George's papa by the coat, and looked at him very piteously, and then at the door. So they followed the dog, who brought them to the place where he had left the little boy, and they found him looking as if he was dead; but he soon got well, and everybody loved Fidele very much, because he had been so kind."

While Arthur was telling this, his little dog wagged his tail and looked up, as much as to say, "I should do the same for Arthur;" and I dare say he would, too, for he was kind. But he

thought a little walk would do all the party good, so he bounded into the meadow, and they after him, and there they saw such a many little children all sitting on the grass, ready, quite ready, for their tea, for they had not had such a good dinner as the rest. As soon as they saw the servants coming with great plates full of cake, they set up such a shout of joy, that Arthur and his friends could not help joining in it with all their heart. These poor children were so much obliged to Arthur Maitland for this treat, that many of them brought him little bunches of flowers, for which he thanked them so very kindly, that they almost thought he had never seen such pretty flowers before. After the poor children had had their tea and played about the meadow, and seen May, and Fanny, and Fidele, they went home; and Lucy and Mary Maitland made tea in little tea-cups and saucers—all their own. It was such nice tea, that papa and mamma had some, too, out of the same little cups. The doors and windows of the baby-house were opened, whereby the dolls had an opportunity of learning how to con-

duct themselves in company, which was a great advantage to them.

After tea they played at many amusing games, and Mr. and Mrs. Maitland stayed in the room, and were delighted to see them enjoy themselves so much. The little girls were dancing very prettily in one corner of the room, and the boys had a game of blind-man's-buff. The poor blind man was sadly used. One little boy kept at such a wonderful distance from him, and stretched out his hands, and bent his body forward, till down he fell. Another stood on tip-toe on one leg, pulled the handkerchief, and off he went in a different direction. Then, just to help the blind man, a little girl left off her dancing to whip him with a handkerchief, which made him turn round sharply and fall down in the midst of the whole group, and, instead of catching one, caught three or four: then all joined, which made it a great deal more pleasing.

Then forfeits succeeded: and now, behold the table is loaded with things, and very pretty things, and the owners thereof were running

hither and thither in all directions; kissing one another, crying, and laughing, and singing, and jumping, in all corners of the room; kissing books inside and outside, without ever opening them; and then biting half an inch off the poker, lying flat on the ground and rising without using the hands. These were a few of the entertainments of the evening.

Then the gipsy on pasteboard told all their fortunes, and the large plum-cake made its appearance. Now, if anything is welcome to good little boys and girls, it is a fine large plum-cake with a snowy top, and pretty ornaments on it; and Arthur's birth-day cake was very handsome. In the middle there was a car, drawn by doves bearing olive branches in their mouths, and all round was beautiful fruit, and flowers, and green leaves. Mrs. Maitland cut the cake, and each visitor had some fruit and flowers, to keep in remembrance of Arthur's birth-day. The car with the doves was to have been his; but one of his friends very much admiring it, he very kindly gave it to him.

By this time some of the party were nearly asleep, and beginning to dream most delightfully of the day's diversion: the elder ones only kept awake till they reached home, and fell fast asleep in recounting all the goodness of Mr. and Mrs. Maitland, Arthur's kindness, the frolics of the lamb, and the beauty of the dog, and the next day they began to look forward to Arthur's ninth birth-day.



SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

SPRING IS COMING.

Tell me, snow-wreath, tell me why,
Thou dost steal away so sly;
Why upon the hill to-day,
But to-morrow gone away:
Spring is coming! Spring is coming!

Tell me, sky-lark, tell me why,
Thou art seen in yonder sky;
Pouring music high above,
In a lay that's all of love:
Spring is coming! Spring is coming!

Tell me, foaming bubbling rill,
Dashing headlong down the hill;
Why like boy from school let out,
Thou dost leap, and laugh, and shout:
Spring is coming! Spring is coming!

Tell me, little daisy, tell,
Why in yonder wooded dell,
Forth you venture from the ground,
Mid the yellow leaves around:
Spring is coming! Spring is coming!



LABOUR AND PROPERTY.

"LABOUR and property! Labour and property! Labour and property!"

So said Uncle John, whenever he met a number of happy little children who were well disposed.

"Labour and property, my dears."

The little children often heard him use these words, but they did not understand him; so they

thought among themselves that they would ask him what he meant.

Now Uncle John loved children, and they loved him; and though they spoke to him as they would to each other, they felt how much more he knew than they did. And they loved him for the pretty tales he told them, and for all the good advice which he gave them, which often saved them from trouble and regret.

Uncle John had such a nice way of teaching his little friends. He would tell them how the world moves, while spinning a top, and compare the top to the world; or he would tell them of the stars, while playing with them at marbles. When three marbles fell in a line, he would compare it to Orion's Belt, and would point out to them where Orion's foot would be, and where his head would be, and where his sword-hand would be. And sometimes the marbles would lie straggling apart, and form something like "Charles's Wain," or the "Waggon and Horses," as it is called, and then he would tell them by Charles's Wain, which was the North Pole Star; and some-

times the marbles would get into a cluster, and then Uncle John would compare them to the Pleiades, or Seven Sisters, as they are commonly called.

Uncle John used to say that this way of playing was killing two birds with one stone; but he slyly said to them that he hoped they never would be so cruel as to throw stones at birds.

The little children knew what he meant, and they never were cruel to anything; and when a beautiful starlight night came, they looked for Orion, and for Charles's Wain, and for the Pleiades, and thought of their play-ground and kind Uncle John.

Well, these little folks, when they had one day heard Uncle John repeat the words, "Labour and property," asked him what he meant.

"I think you all know," said he, "what I mean, but you have not thought about it; so I must tell you.

"All the things we see around us belong to some one, and these things have been got by *labour*, or hard working. It has been by labour

that everything has been procured. If no one had ever done any *labour*, there would have been no houses, no cultivated fields, no bread to eat, no clothes to wear, no books to read, and the whole world would have been in a poor and wild state, and not fit for human beings to live happily in.

"Men possess things, because some person or other has worked for these things. Some men are rich and have many things, though they never worked much for them; but the fathers, or grandfathers of these men worked hard for the things, and have left them to their children.

"But you, my young friends, must not think that you will have things given to you in this way; all, except a few, must work hard to get things for themselves when they grow up.

"After any one has worked to get a thing, or after he has had a thing given to him, that thing is his own, and no person must take it from him.

"If any of you should get a piece of clay, and make the clay into a ball or marble to play with, then you would have laboured or worked

for it, and no one would have a right to take it from you. The marble would be the *property* of him who made it. Some boys are fond of rabbits. If a boy have a pair of rabbits, they are his *property;* and if he gather food for them, and take care of them, and they have young ones, then the young rabbits are his *property* also. He would not like to find that some bad boy wished to take them from him. He would say to the boy, 'I claim these things as my *property;* they are mine. You never worked for them; they are not yours.'

"But if the bad boy would still take the rabbits, then the owner could go to a magistrate and tell him of the bad boy's conduct, and the magistrate would order him to be punished; for good men have made laws for the punishment of the bad, and for the protection of the good.

"All things are the *property* of some persons or other, and these persons claim their *property* in the same way that the boy claims the marble he has made, or the rabbits he has reared.

"It is very right that every one should be

allowed to keep his own property; because when a poor man knows that he can get property by working for it, and that no one dares to take it from him, then he will work to have things for his own use. If a poor man knew that things would be taken from him, then he would not work much, and perhaps not at all. He would spend most of his life in idleness and poverty.

"When any of you wish to have a thing which belongs to another, you must ask permission to take it, or you must offer to buy it. You must never, on any account, take the thing secretly, or by violence, or by fraud, for that would be *stealing*, and none of you would like to be called thieves.

"Some persons think that because they *find* things they have a right to keep them for themselves. But the thing that is found is the property of the loser, and should be immediately given up to him without reward. It is just as bad as stealing to keep it from the owner.

"Now you see, my little friends, the meaning of *labour* and *property*—labour, you see, brings

property, and without labour no one can have property. So, work on while you are young, that you may be used to it when you are older, and become *men of property.*"

Uncle John then asked them all what property they had. Some said, "I have my clothes," and others said, "I have my books and slates." Uncle John asked them whether they had worked for them? and no one being able to say "yes," he told them that their clothes belonged to their fathers or mothers, and that they must consider them as lent, and be very careful of them.

Several boys, who had paid much attention to what Uncle John had been telling them, said, "I have some marbles, and I won them at play, and I think they are my property." "I have a top which I bought with the money my grandfather gave me." Another said, "I have a watch which my aunt gave me as a keepsake."

Uncle John told them he was glad they understood the words *labour* and *property;* and, shaking hands with them all, wished them good morning.



SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

THE APRIL SHOWER.

Patter, patter! let it pour;
Patter, patter! let it roar;
Down the steep roof let it rush,
Down the hill-side let it gush:
'Tis the welcome April shower,
Bringing forth the sweet May flower.

Patter, patter! let it pour;
Patter, patter! let it roar.
Let the glancing lightning flash,
Let the pealing thunder dash:
'Tis the welcome April shower,
Bringing forth the sweet May flower.

Patter, patter! let it pour,
Patter, patter! let it roar.
Soon the clouds will burst away,
Soon will come a bright Spring day;
Soon the welcome April showers
Will bring forth the sweet May flowers.



THE ORB OF DAY.

The sun is rising. Do you ever think of the many benefits supplied by the sun?

Let us go upon the top of a hill and see the sun rise, and consider for a moment the effects that are produced.

Do you see that the darkness which had fallen over the whole face of nature is gone?

Do you see that even the valley is filled with light? Does not all this remind you of God, who said at the beginning of the world, "Let there be light; and there was light?"

Light, then, spread over the land, is one of the first effects of the sun's rising. And do you see that the birds are all abroad now, singing their songs, and seeking their food? How happy they appear to be! And do you not feel happy too? Does not everything seem happy to see the light, and feel that day has come once more?

Do you observe that wide sheet of white vapour that is rising from yonder valley? It is rising in consequence of the warmer air that is produced by the rising of the sun. Do you not feel that the shining of the sun upon you makes you warmer? Warmth, then, spread over the earth is another effect produced by the rising of the sun; and how pleasant is this warmth! But you know that if it were not for the warmth of the sun the trees, and plants, and flowers would not grow? Do you know that, without this

warmth, all the earth would be covered with ice, and that all men and animals would die?

You see then how important the sun is, and how great are the benefits of the light and heat which it sends abroad over the world. Let us be thankful to God every morning for the light and heat of the sun. These are sources of life to everything that grows or feels.



MALCOLM DUNCAN.

THERE was once a little child whose name was Malcolm Duncan. His parents were not rich, for they had none of the treasures which enable people to live without hard labour; but they were not poor, for they were industrious; and industry always brings a sweet reward. They lived in Scotland, in a hilly part of the country. Scotland is not so level and smooth as England; there are high mountains, and deep valleys, and very wild moors, and great falls of water, and large rivers, and lakes, and the country is very wild altogether, to what England is. A child might easily stray away from home and be lost, for there are no persons to tell the way home in these wild parts, as there are in the crowded streets of a city. And the moors are all covered

with heath or heather, as it is called, and any one might wander about all day and meet nothing alive, but the moor fowl, called grouse, to startle him.

Well, it was on a beautiful day, in the beautiful season of summer, when Malcolm Duncan strayed away from his happy home, across the heather-covered moor, which was near it. He wandered along, picking here a little flower, and there a little flower, and now and then starting a bird from its hiding place, watched its flight from bush to bush; and now some tiny living thing, rustling among the gorse, turned his attention, and he hunted about to find out what it could be.

Malcolm knew no fear, for he had never been terrified by silly people, so he wandered on and on, and was indeed a happy child. The birds, and the insects, and the sweet flowers, were his companions, and where there were most of these, he found most company, and he thought not whither he was going, for everything was pleasant around him.

Well, Malcolm wandered on and on in this way, when suddenly he came upon a little bird, which uttered a mournful cry as he was near setting his foot upon it, and rising from the ground, it tried to fly away; and the little boy saw it was wounded, and he pitied the poor thing, and wished in his heart he could catch it, that he might take care of it and try to make its broken wing well. Much did Malcolm try to catch the little pet thing; sometimes he would creep softly to a bush where he had seen it light, and think to secure it; but when he thought he held it in his hands, it would fly with a struggling effort to the next bush, and the little boy had much to do to keep pace with the poor little thing, as it thus tried to get away from him. But the bird knew not that Malcolm was its friend. How could it? for there are many little boys who have much more sense than a bird, and yet they are not wise enough to know who are their friends and who are not.

But Malcolm's heart was kind; he saw all around him happy in the enjoyment of life, and



he never wished to take away the liberty of anything. He longed to help the bird in its trouble, and he felt how sad it would be if it should fall into any place and not be able to get out, and when he thought it might die for want of food, his little heart grew warmer for it, and again he followed it, till his legs nearly failed him. Still he followed on, for the bird was tired as well as poor Malcolm, and his hope grew stronger as his strength became less.

At last he followed it to a thick and wide-spreading bush, and closing upon it, he felt it in his hand, and at the same time felt himself sinking down a frightful precipice.

Little Malcolm knew no more. He was aroused as from a deep sleep, by his father's faithful dog, which stood licking his face, and moaning over him most pitifully. Malcolm looked wildly around, but he saw not how he could get out of the deep pit. The foaming waters rushed along on one side, and high steep banks were on every other side.

Don (for that was the dog's name) wagged

his tail and looked up in Malcolm's face, and then tried to tempt him to the water. Don swam through the foaming stream, and then stood on a projecting rock, and seemed to say: try, little boy, to swim over, as I have done; try, and I will lead you home; but Malcolm could not swim as Don could, and he looked distressed when he saw his four-footed friend swim away from him.

But Don swam back again, and fondled about him, and tried to coax him to come away. The little boy cried as he looked around and saw no way by which he could get out; and night was coming on—dark dreary night—and no friend was near to help him.

Don looked up in his face, and saw the tears in his eyes, and Malcolm thought he saw tears in Don's eyes; and they looked at each other in extreme despair.

At last Malcolm, in the depth of his sorrow, sat down on a stone, and Don, bounding away from him, swam through the stream and disappeared. Bitter were the tears he shed, and

fondly did he think of the kind mother and father from whom he was so sadly separated. Then he thought of his humble but happy home, and he thought of his play-fellow, Don, till tired out with watching, crying, and hunger, he sought a small heap of dry weeds, and sunk to sleep on it.

It was just in the twilight hour, when the sun and moon were dividing between them the power which God has given to each of lighting this world of ours, that Malcolm again was awoke by the faithful Don. He felt upon his face a cold nose, and then a warm and smooth tongue; and he lifted up his head and beheld his faithful friend standing over him and wagging his tail with joy.

He raised himself up and saw at his side a large piece of bread which Don had brought to him. And how shall we tell with what eagerness Malcolm ate that piece of bread! He felt that he was not deserted: he felt that Don loved him, and when he had eaten the bread he put his arms round the neck of Don from very love, and slept again till morning.

Poor Malcolm when he awoke knew the comfort of his little bed at home; he knew also what the blessing of a mother and a father is. He arose from his humble bed, and after Don had frisked about him a little while he again tried to tempt his young master to cross the stream, but not being able he disappeared once more, and left Malcolm to his fate.

But the love and attachment of a dog is too great to be turned from his object. Don was back again in a very short time, bringing with him another piece of bread, with which he leaped forward, and laid it at the feet of Malcolm.

Two whole days and two nights did this true friend support his little charge in this way; but at length the dog was seen to take the pieces of food, and was followed by Malcolm's distracted parents, who had now begun to give up their child as lost.

Oh, it was a meeting of delight indeed! Let us fancy we see his anxious father cautiously descending the steep and dangerous cliffs, and beholding the object of his warmest love. Let us

fancy we see a fond child about to be delivered from death by a father; and, above all, let us fancy the unbounded happiness of good, faithful Don: and that child, we will say, who does not see in all these a beautiful picture, must have a heart of stone, and be insensible to the loving-kindness of that merciful God, who constantly watcheth over all things: yes, over you all, my little children.





I MUST NOT TEAZE MY MOTHER.

I must not teaze my Mother,
For she is very kind;
And everything she says to me
I must directly mind.
For when I was a baby,
And could not speak or walk,
She let me in her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not teaze my Mother,
And when she likes to read,
Or has the headache, I must step
Most silently indeed.
I must not choose a noisy play,
Nor trifling troubles tell;
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

I must not teaze my Mother,
I've heard dear Father say,
When I was in my cradle sick,
She nursed me night and day.
She lays me in my little bed,
She gives me clothes and food;
And I have nothing else to pay,
But trying to be good.

I must not teaze my Mother,
She loves me all the day;
And she has patience with my faults,
And teaches me to pray.
How much I'll strive to please her,
She every hour shall see;
For should she die or go away,
What would become of me!



THE ORB OF NIGHT.

It is night. The stars are so distant, that they seem to be very small; but the moon, though really less than the stars, is nearer, and therefore appears to be larger.

It is a very beautiful sight, and is even more talked about than the sun. At one time it seems like a silver bow hung in the west. It increases

in size, till it looks like a large bowl. It grows larger and larger, till it is quite round.

The moon does not shine at all times. Even when it is in the sky above it gives no light during the day, for the sun is so much brighter, that it appears quite dim. And often at night it is hidden beneath the earth, and gives us no light.

But when it does shine at night, it is indeed beautiful. We cannot look at the sun with the naked eye, for it is too bright. But we can look at the moon, and though it seems almost like a ball of melted metal, yet we can see figures upon it.

Some persons imagine that they can see the face of a man in the moon, and others that they can spy the figure of a crooked old woman. But those who have looked at it with telescopes, tell us that it is a world, with mountains, and rivers, and valleys upon its surface. There is very little doubt that animals and people live upon it.

But you may ask what good the moon does to us. In the first place, it is very beautiful, and

gives us much pleasure. It is also useful, as it frequently shines at night, and seems to relieve us partly from the darkness. The landscape is often charming when viewed by moonlight, and water never looks so lovely as when the moon is shining upon it.

Besides this, the moon causes that ebbing and flowing of the ocean called the tides. These keep it from being stagnant, and prevent its becoming putrid. Were it not for the moon, the whole ocean would be unfit for the fishes that live in it, and they would all die. Men, and beasts too, would also perish from the unhealthiness of the land were not the sea kept pure by the tides.



SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

SUMMER.

Go forth into the country,
Amidst the woodnotes wild,
Which echo from each silent copse,
For thee my little child:
It is the summer season,
In its greenness all arrayed,
And flowers send forth their fragrance:
How great the love displayed!

Go forth into the country,
All nature says come forth;
The love of God, spread all around,
Proclaims our little worth:
We'll welcome it with gladness,
We'll sing in songs of joy
The rapture of each little heart,
The heart of girl and boy.

May the Summer of each little one
In beauty thus be seen,
Teeming with worth and virtue,
When manhood's years are green:
And when Autumn's changing season
Displays the vale of years,
May each, in Christ's acceptance, feel
Relieved from doubts and fears.

WHAT SORT OF A HEART HAVE YOU GOT?

Most people seem to think only of their outward appearance, of their personal beauty, or of their dress. If they have a handsome face, or a good figure, or a fine dress, they are perfectly satisfied; nay more, we often see persons showing vanity and pride, merely because they have beautiful garments on, or because they are called pretty or handsome.

Now, I am not such a cross old fellow as to despise these things. It is certainly desirable to appear well, but I have remarked that those persons who are vain of outside show forget that the real character of a person is within the breast, and that it is of far greater importance to have a good heart than a handsome person.

The heart within the body is of flesh, but it is the seat of life. Upon its beatings our life depends. Let the heart stop, and death immediately follows. Besides this, the heart is influenced by our feelings. If we are suddenly frightened it beats more rapidly. It is for these reasons, because the heart is the seat of life; and because it seems to be the centre or source of our passions and feelings, that we often call the soul itself the heart. Thus, the heart of flesh is a sort of emblem or image of the soul.

When I ask what sort of heart you have got, I mean to ask what sort of soul you have got.

We often hear it said, that such a person has a hard heart, and such a one has a kind or tender heart. In these cases we do not speak of the heart of flesh within, but of the soul. A hard heart in this sense is a soul that is severe, harsh, and cruel; a kind and tender heart is a soul that is mindful of the feelings of others, and desirous of promoting the peace and happiness of those around us.

You will see, therefore, that it is very important for every person to assure himself that he has a good heart. The reasons why it is important I will endeavour to place before you.

In the first place, "God looketh on the heart." He does not regard our dress, or our complexion, or our features. These do not form our character: they have nothing to do with making us good or bad.

If God looks into the breast, and finds a good heart there—a tender, kind soul, full of love towards Him and all mankind—a heart that is constantly exercised by feelings of piety and benevolence—he approves of it, and he loves it. God does not care what sort of garment covers such a heart, or what complexion or features a person with such a heart has got. He looks on the heart, and finding that good, he bestows his blessing, which is worth more than all the wealth of this wide world. Personal appearance is of no value in the sight of God. It is only because *men* value it that it is to be regarded. But upon the character of the heart the favour or displea-

sure of God depends. It is of the greatest importance, therefore, for each person to see what kind of heart he has got. If he loves to do mischief, if he loves to say or do harsh and unkind things, if he loves to wound the feelings of others, if he loves to see another suffer, if he wishes in any way to injure another in his mind, body, or estate, then he has a bad heart, and God looks on that bad heart as we look upon a wicked countenance. Before God every heart has a character. We cannot see into the bosom, but God can. All things are transparent to Him, and He looketh upon the heart as we do upon one another's faces. And to Him every heart is as distinctly marked as men's countenances are to us. A bad heart has as distinct an expression in the sight of God as the wolf's face to human eyes. God cannot love and he will not bless such a heart. He only bestows his love and his blessing on a good heart.

The second reason for having a good heart is, that it not only wins the favour of God but of men. However we may fancy that mankind

think only of outside appearance, they do in fact think more of inward goodness. Mankind in all ages and countries love respect, and revere the person who has a good heart. The person whose soul is habitually exercised by piety toward God, and love toward mankind, is always esteemed and loved in return. Such a person is almost sure to be happy, even if he is destitute of money, he has that which in this world is of more value—the goodwill, the sympathy, the kind wishes and kind offers of his fellow men. If a person wishes success in life, there is no road to it like a good heart.

The third reason for having a good heart is, that while the exercise of a good heart is blissful, a heart that indulges in envy, malice, anger, revenge, jealousy, covetousness, becomes unhappy and miserable. A heart that exercises piety, love, candour, peace, kindness, and gentleness, becomes happy. The exercise of piety and good feelings brings pleasure and enjoyment to the soul as cool fresh water does to a thirsty lip. Bad feelings bring pain and misery to the soul,

as bitter and poisoned water does to the palate and the stomach. A person, therefore, who indulges in bad feelings is as unwise as one who refuses pure water and drinks poison.

The fourth reason for having a good heart is, that it is the surest way to be handsome. A person with a good heart is almost always good looking, and for this reason, that the soul shines through the countenance. If the heart is angry the face is a tell-tale and shows it. If the heart is exercised with piety the face declares it.

Thus the habits of the soul become written on the countenance. What we call the expression of the face is only the story which the face tells about the feelings of the heart. If the heart is habitually exercised by malice, then a malicious expression becomes habitually stamped upon the face. The expression of the countenance is a record which sets forth to the world the habits—the character of the heart.

Having learned what is meant by a good and bad heart, the next thing is to look into our own

breasts, and see what kind of a heart we have got. This is of the first importance, and therefore it is that I ask the question, "*What sort of a heart have you got?*"

If you find you have a good heart, filled with love of God, and feelings of obedience to God, and with love and charity to all mankind, and a desire to promote the peace and happiness of all, then be thankful for this best of gifts, and pray that it may continue to be yours. But if you discover that you have a bad heart, pray set about curing it as soon as possible.



SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

THE BIRD'S DEPARTURE.

Farewell to the meadow,
For Summer is past;
Farewell! for its leaves
Now whirl o'er the blast;
Farewell to the bough
Where my cradle was swung,
And the song of my mother
Was joyously sung.

How sweet was that song
Of the light-hearted bird;
No other I'll sing,
'Twas the first that I heard:
And though to far lands
I must hasten away,
Wherever I roam
I will carry that lay.

How sweet are these scenes,
For my birth-place is here,
And I know that in absence
They'll be but more dear:
I'll sing of them there,
In the land where I roam,
And winter departed
Return to my home.



BEAUTY, BUT SKIN DEEP.

I ONCE knew two little girls: they were sisters, and there was only a year's difference in their ages. Emma was called a pretty child. She had a brown complexion, rosy cheeks, dark eyes, and black hair. Jane had blue eyes, light curling hair, and was also called pretty. For some time the two children were equally noticed when their parents had friends to see them.

But little Emma caught the small-pox, and it quite spoiled her beauty. She lost her rosy colour, her eyes were not so bright, and her face was severely marked; Jane, on the contrary, improved every day, and when these dear little children came into the room together, the first time after Emma had recovered, every one said to Jane, "You pretty little creature, come to

me." "Oh! you little wax-doll, do give me a kiss." And Jane was kissed and caressed, while poor little Emma stood near one of her elder sisters, wondering why she was not noticed as she used to be.

Emma's cousin, Eliza, was there one day when Jane was being fondled and flattered; while Emma stood shy and dejected near the door, not having the courage to go across the room to her mother, who, of course, made no difference between them. Eliza called Emma to her, took her on her lap, spoke kindly to her, kissed her, and played with her; and Emma's mother said, "Thank you, dear Eliza, Emma is a very good child, and likes to be played with as well as Jane."

From that time, whenever there were friends at her mother's, little Emma always asked if her cousin Eliza would be there, for she did not mind being neglected by other people, if her gentle cousin Eliza took notice of her.

But if Emma was no longer pretty, she was a very good little girl; her temper was sweet, and

her disposition very kind. She was never jealous of her pretty sister Jane, but seemed herself to love and admire her more and more every day; and little Jane was very fond of Emma, and always gave her half the cakes, apples, oranges, and sugar plums, which were given to herself.

At last, little Jane had a brain-fever and died, and Emma was so grieved at losing her sister, that, to console her, she was sent on a visit to her cousin Eliza, who, though many years older, devoted herself to her little visitor. She told her pretty stories to amuse her, taught her some of Watts' hymns; and, also, Eliza told her, that though she was not pretty, she might make herself more beloved than many who are handsome, if she were always good-tempered and obliging.

Emma always remembered her kind cousin's advice, and grew up a very amiable girl; her good humour made her so pleasing that no one remembered she was plain; but whenever she was praised for her good humour or anything else, she always said, "You must praise my

cousin Eliza for my good qualities. She kindly took notice of me, and told me how to become happy, and make myself beloved; I am so, and I shall always thank my cousin Eliza for it."

Thus you see, Emma was a good, sweet tempered, grateful girl, and those who are so will always be beloved.





SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

AUTUMN.

The Summer departed,
So sweet and so brief;
Pale Autumn is come,
With its sere yellow leaf:

Its breath in the vale,
Its voice in the breeze;
A many-hued garment,
Is over the trees.

In red and in purple
The leaves seem to bloom;
The stern slayer comes,
It hath spoken their doom.

And those that may seem
With rubies to vie,
They tell us that beauty
Blooms only to die.

Still, Autumn, though sad
And mournful it be,
Is sweetest and dearest
Of seasons to me.



I DON'T SEE WHY!

I KNOW a little girl who has a very pleasant home, and the very kindest of parents, and who is yet often discontented and unhappy. She pouts her lips, and throws her arms about, and sulks, and stamps with her feet, and makes a strange noise in her throat, between a growl and a cry. It is not because she has not enough to

eat of good wholesome food, nor because she has no time to play, and playthings in abundance, and brothers to play with her. She is not blind, nor lame, nor deformed in any way, but has health and strength, and everything which any little girl could wish to make her happy in this world, except a good heart.

What was it, then, that made her fretful? Why, she has a kind mother, who told her what she must do, and what she must not do. I will tell you what I heard one day.

"Caroline, you must not take my scissors, my dear."

"Why, mother? I have no scissors to cut off my thread," said Caroline, pettishly.

"Well, my dear, I will give you a pair, but you must not take mine."

"I am sure I do not see why,—it's only just to cut my thread."

Now these scissors were of the finest kind, and highly polished, and Caroline's mother knew that it would soil them if she should handle them, and that if she had them once she would

want them again. Caroline's duty was to obey cheerfully, whether she saw the reason why or not.

"Caroline, my dear, you must not climb upon the chair to reach your work; you must ask some one to get it for you."

"I am sure I don't see why. It is less trouble to get it myself than to ask anybody for it."

"Very well, my child, you shall do it in your own way, and see."

That very afternoon, Caroline mounted on a chair to get her work. She reached too far, and over went the chair, and Caroline with it. Her work was scattered over the floor,—the needle-book in one direction, and the thimble in another; and, what was worse than all, her head struck the edge of the door, and a gash was cut in her forehead.

She cried sadly, and did not get over the pain for weeks. Was it less trouble to get it herself?

If she had trusted her mother, she would

have saved herself all this pain; but, for the sake of knowing the reason why she could not get upon the chair, she cost herself a severe wound, and a great deal of shame and sorrow.

It is a good rule through life to do what God requires of us, whether we see why or not. One of the things He requires of us to do, is to *obey our parents.*

Now, my dear children, it is very likely many of you will say—"I am sure I should not *say,* 'I don't see why,' to my mother;" but some of you may *think* the same words without uttering them. You will be happy if you do not *think* them.



THE RIVER.

Oh, tell me pretty river,
Whence do thy waters flow,
And whither art thou roaming,
So silent and so slow!

My birth-place was the mountain,
My nurse the April showers,
My cradle was the fountain,
O'er-curtained by wild flowers.

One morn I ran away,
A madcap tumbling rill;
And many a prank that day
I played adown the hill.

And then, 'mid meadowy banks,
I sported with the flowers
That stooped with gloomy lips,
To woo me to their bowers.

But these bright scenes are o'er,
And darkly flows my wave;
I hear the ocean's roar,
And there must be my grave.

HOW TO TELL A LIE WITHOUT SPEAKING.

Once upon a time, a groom, whose business it was to take care of a certain horse, let the animal go loose into the field. After a while, he wanted to catch him, but the animal chose to run about at liberty, rather than be shut up in the stable; so he pranced about the field, and kept out of the groom's way. The groom now went to the stable, and got the measure in which he used to bring the horse his oats. When the horse saw the measure, he thought, to be sure, that the groom had some oats for him; so he went up to him, and was instantly caught and taken to the stable.

Another day the horse was in the field, and refused to be caught; so the groom again got

the measure, and held it out, inviting the horse as before to come up to him. But the animal shook his head, as if to say—"You told me a lie the other day, and I am not so silly as to be cheated a second time by you."

"But," said the groom, "I did not *tell* you a lie; I only held out the measure, and you fancied that it was full of oats; I did not *tell* you there were oats in it."

"Your excuse is worse than the cheat," the horse should have said. "You held out the measure, and thereby did as much as to say—*I have got some oats for you.*"

Actions speak as well as words. Every deceiver, whether by words or deeds, is a liar, and nobody that has been once deceived by him, will fail to shun and despise him ever after.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

They say it is my birth-day,
And voices kind and dear,
Write to wish me happiness
All through the coming year.
My gifts I have not reckoned yet,
For I must soon prepare
To join my playmates, who have met
A merry feast to share.

They say it is my birth-day,
How doth that birth-day prove,
The joys and comforts that are mine,
In this, my home of love.
How many a child in weariness,
The heavy birth-day spends;
Owning no smile, no warm caress,
From fond and tender friends.

They say it is my birth-day,
Twelve months have swiftly passed,
Since I listened to the pleasant sound,
Of birth-day greetings, last.
I think upon my faults that year,
I count them in distress;
But count them as I will, I fear
I cannot make them less.

They say it is my birth-day,
Dear friends, your thankful child,
Prays through the coming year to be
Less wilful, and less wild;
Less apt the things to say and do,
That pain to you have given;
More full of tenderness to you,
And gratitude to Heaven.



THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

My little child, did you ever lose yourself in the woods? Perhaps not; but many children have. There was once a boy and a girl, named James and Fanny, who lived upon the slope of a mountain, more than a mile from any dwelling.

A large part of the space between their house and the village was covered by forests, but these children were accustomed to go to school and to church through the woods, and their parents never felt uneasy about them.

One morning they set out for school; it was August, and the weather was warm and beautiful. In descending the mountain, they came to the brow of a hill, from which they could see a small lake.

This was surrounded by the forest, and seemed to be at no great distance. James had often seen it before, and wished to go to it, but, on this occasion, he could not withstand the temptation to pay it a visit. So he set out, having persuaded Fanny to accompany him.

They pushed on through the tangled woods for some time, in the direction of the lake, and at length supposed they must be very near to it, but on coming to a little eminence, and catching a sight of the blue water between the trees, it still seemed as distant as before.

But they were not discouraged, and again went forward for some time. At length, Fanny told her brother that they had better return and go to school. James replied that it was too late to get to school in time, and he thought the better way was to make a holiday of it. They

would return home at the usual time, and their parents would know nothing about it.

"I don't like that way," said Little Fanny, "for our parents expect us to go to school, and if we do not go, we disobey them. Besides, if we spend the day in play and say nothing about it, and let our parents think we have been at school, we deceive them, and that is telling a lie."

"Oh, never mind!" said James; we'll tell them we got lost, or something of the kind. Don't you be afraid. I'll manage that matter, so come along."

Little Fanny went forward, but she was sad at heart; and James, too, conscious of disobedience and deception in his heart, felt unhappy; but he put on a brave face, and sang or whistled as he proceeded.

Again the two children came to such a position that they could see the little lake, and, strange to tell, it seemed about as far off now as when they first set out to find it.

The fact was, they had been deceived; for

the lake was much farther off than it appeared to be. They had already spent two hours in trying to reach it; and, after some talk, they concluded to give up their attempt, and go back.

But now their task commenced. They had pursued no beaten path, and they had nothing to guide them in their return. The sky, which had been so clear in the morning, was now overshadowed with thick clouds. Uncertain what to do, they still went forward, with trembling and anxious haste.

Coming at length to the foot of a cliff, they paused, being overcome with fatigue. James sat down and buried his face in his hands.

"What is the matter?" said Fanny.

"We have lost our way, and shall never find our home again," said James.

"We have lost our path," said Fanny, "but I know we shall soon find our way out of the woods. This is come upon us, James, because of our disobedience."

"I know it, Fanny," said James, "but it was my disobedience, and not yours; and I am so

unhappy because my wickedness has brought you into trouble; and besides, I intended to deceive our parents. I wonder now that I should have thought of such a thing."

"Well, James," said Fanny, "let this be a lesson to us both; and now we must try to find our way out of the wood."

So they went forward with great haste; but having rambled about for nearly four hours, thinking all the time they were going toward their home, they came back to the very spot, beneath the cliff, where they had sat down and rested themselves before.

They were now quite discouraged, and almost broken-hearted. They had some bread in their pockets, so that they were not very hungry; but their fatigue was so great, that, after lying side by side upon the sloping bank for a while, they both went to sleep.

It was about midnight when Fanny awoke. She had been dreaming that she and her brother had wandered away, and got lost in the forest; that, overcome with fatigue, they had thrown

themselves down on the earth at the foot of a cliff, and fallen asleep, and that they were awakened from their sleep by hearing the call of their father.

It was at this part of her dream that Fanny awoke. For a moment she was bewildered, but soon recollected where she was. She cast her eyes about, and saw that no shelter was over her but the clear blue sky.

She looked around, and could see nothing but the rugged outline of the hills against the sky. She listened, and seemed to feel that the voice heard in her dream was a reality, and that she should hear it again. But she now heard only the mournful rustling of the forest leaves.

She sat some time, almost afraid to make the slightest noise, yet feeling such a sense of fear that she felt she must wake up her brother.

She was stretching out her hand for the purpose of waking him, when she seemed to hear the call of her father, as she had heard it in her dream. She listened intently, her little heart beating quickly all the while.

She waited for several minutes, when, full and clear, and at no great distance, she heard her father call "James!" The little girl sprang to her feet, and screamed, with all her might, "Here; here we are, father! James was soon awakened, and, with some difficulty, the father came down the cliff and clasped his children in his arms.

I need not say that this painful adventure was remembered by James and Fanny long after they had ceased to be children; and they were both accustomed to say that it was of importance to them through life, in impressing upon them the necessity of obedience to parents, and the wickedness of all attempts to deceive them.

Let me remark to you, my children, that if pleasure ever tempts you to forsake the path of duty, I hope you will remember that, like the blue lake which seemed so beautiful and near to the eyes of our little wanderers, it will probably disappoint your efforts to obtain it.

SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

WINTER.

'Tis Winter! 'tis Winter! the morning is gray,
A cold-looking sky is above us to day;
And see where the hill-tops are naked and brown,
The pretty white snow-flakes come quietly down.

They come in their beauty, like spirits of light,
And wrap the chill earth with a mantle of white:
Beneath it the daisies are sheltered and warm,
And safe from the blasts of the pitiless storm.

And soon when the sunbeams of Summer shall come,
They'll start up anew from their snow-covered home;
They'll spread their green leaves over valley and plain,
And catch the bright dews in their blossoms again.



CONTENT AND DISCONTENT.

THERE was once a heron, which is a large, long-legged bird, standing on the edge of a brook, the waters of which were so clear that he could see everything that was swimming by. In a little while a small trout came along, but the heron thought that he would wait for something better. Then came a perch, but this was not good enough. Then other fishes swam along, but still, the dainty bird could see nothing that suited

his palate. So he kept standing by the brook, until, at length, all the fishes were gone.

The heron now grew very hungry, and would have been glad to take any one of the fishes he had seen; and finally, as the evening was drawing nigh, he was obliged to make a poor supper upon a snail, that he found in the grass.

What I have here said about the dainty heron is called a fable, my children, but it is a true picture of some children in this world, as I will presently show by this little tale.

Two little girls went into the fields to gather flowers. Here they found butter-cups, dandelions, violets, and many other pretty blossoms. One of the children was pleased with everything, and began to pick such flowers as she met with.

In a little while, this girl had collected quite a bunch of flowers, and though some of them were not very handsome, yet altogether, they made a beautiful bouquet.

The other child was more dainty, and determined to pick no flowers but such as were very

beautiful. She disdained to gather the dandelions, for they were so common; and she would not pluck the buttercups, for they were all of one colour, and did not take her fancy. Even the blue violets were not good enough for her.

Thus the little pair wandered on through the fields, till they were about to return home. By this time the dainty child, seeing that her sister had a fine collection of flowers, while she had none, began to think it best to pick such as she could get. But now, the flowers were scarce; not even a dandelion, a buttercup, or a violet, was to be found. At length, the little girl begged a single dandelion of her sister, and thus they returned home.

When the two children went to their mother she asked how it happened, that one had so pretty a bouquet, while the other had but a single flower. The children told their story, and their mother then spoke to them, as follows.

"My dear children: let this little event teach you a useful lesson. Jane has been the wiser of the two. Content with such flowers as came in

her way, and not aiming at what was beyond her reach, she has been successful in her pursuit, and has brought back a beautiful bunch of flowers. But Laura, who could not stoop to pick up buttercups and dandelions, because she wanted something more beautiful than could be found, collected nothing from the field, and was finally obliged to beg a dandelion of her sister.

"Thus it will always happen, my children, in passing through life. If you are content with simple pleasures and innocent enjoyments, such as are scattered freely along your path, you will, day by day, gather enough to make you contented and happy. If, on the contrary, you scorn simple pleasures, and innocent enjoyments, and reach after those, which are more rare and difficult to be obtained, you will meet with frequent disappointment, and at last become dependent upon others.

"Seek not, then, my children, for costly enjoyments or extravagant pleasures. Be industrious in gathering those which are lawful, and which are adapted to your situation. In this

way you will cultivate a contented spirit, and secure your own peace. If, on the other hand, you disdain enjoyments that are suited to your taste and capacity, you will be hard to please, and perpetual discontent will dwell in your bosom. Thus you see, that one course will result in something better than riches, while the other will bring evils that are worse than poverty."





THE BOY AND THE LARK.

" Who taught you to sing, my pretty sweet birds?
Who tuned your melodious throats?
You make all the woods and the valleys to ring,
You bring the first news of the earliest spring,
With your loud and your silvery notes.

" Who painted your wings, my pretty sweet birds,
And taught you to soar in the air?
You rise and you dart through the region of light,
You look down on man from your loftiest height,
And your hearts know no troublesome cares.

"And where are your fields, my beautiful birds?
And where are your houses and barns?
You sow not the ground, and you reap not the corn,
You spring from your nests at the earliest morn;
But you care not about the wide farms."

"'Tis God," said a lark that rose from the turf,
"Who gives us the good we enjoy;
He painted our wings, and he gave us our voice,
He finds us our food, and he bids us rejoice:
We're his creatures, my beautiful boy."





FRANK MELVILLE.

In days long past, and at the present time also, sad and cruel wars have been carried on between man and man. Some wars are called civil wars, in which sometimes brother fights against brother, and father against son, and son against father. And they often fight and take away each other's lives without really knowing why—only that they

are excited by an evil spirit within them. And many have been the wars of this sort in England. But now men begin to understand the spirit of Christianity, and reason also tells them how wicked it is to take away the life of another; and it may be that we shall never see another civil war in England.

There are also foreign wars, as they are called, in which the people of one country fight with the people of some other country.

When we fight with the Chinese people, it is a foreign war; and when we fight with the people of India it is a foreign war.

And when the people of one nation have killed thirty thousand, or forty thousand—yes, and sometimes fifty thousand of their fellow-creatures, and made as many mothers widows, and perhaps a hundred thousand children fatherless, those who have murdered the most call it a *glorious victory.*

The story I am about to tell is of a young child like yourself, whose name was Frederick Somers, but who was what is called an idiot.

His father was a soldier, and before Fred. was born, his father went abroad to one of these foreign wars. This little boy was the only child of his parents, and was born shortly after a terrible battle, in which his father was killed.

Oh! who can properly describe the dreadful feelings of that young and kind wife, when she heard the sad news! To think of his being killed in a foreign land, with no one near who loved him, to give him even a cup of water in his last moments! It was a sad grief indeed to be left thus desolate. And it took away her reason for several months; that is to say, her mind left her, and she went mad: and just before little Fred. Somers was born, she recovered her reason. And she loved this little boy very much—for he was a pretty baby; and when she thought of his father, it made her happy to think she had yet little Fred. left to comfort her.

But when, in the course of time, Fred. became older, his mother had fresh troubles to grieve her; for she found that though his body grew, his mind did not, for he was an idiot.

My dear little reader, think what a shocking thing it must be to have no mind, and to see all things passing around us, without understanding them! Think what a shocking thing it must be to have kind and affectionate parents, and yet not be able to know how dearly they love you! Think what a shocking thing it must be, not to know that fire will burn you, or water destroy you, if you fall into it!

My little child, whenever you see persons thus afflicted, show to your dear Creator how thankful you are that you are preserved from such a misfortune.

I have seen sad cases, where boys, and girls, too, have taken a delight in making sport of one of their fellow-creatures who was silly; but I could never see it without doing everything I could to prevent it. And I have heard old people say how much they have grieved at having teased one of these unfortunate creatures, when they were young. Yes, my little child, and you, too, will regret very much if you should ever join in such a wicked diversion.

Well, we will now return to little Fred. Somers. When he was about six years old, he was sitting at his mother's cottage door; for she had become poor since the death of her husband, and had been obliged to leave the comfortable home in which she had lived when he went to the cruel wars. Many kind friends had helped her, but she had learned, also, that she must help herself, if she wished to secure their friendship. She had attempted to keep a school for little children, but it brought before her the pure bright intellects of other children, and she wept bitterly for her own child. So she gave up the school; and now, by the continued bounty of her friends, and needlework, and other things, she contrived to live in tolerable comfort. And as Fred. was sitting at the door, there came to him a young puppy, and it fawned upon him and wagged its tail, and seemed to love him. And no one knew where the puppy had come from, but it was supposed it had got out of some waggon which was passing that part of the country: but be that as it may, the puppy loved Fred., and

though Fred. had not that power of loving anything which you have, my little reader, yet he seemed to return the love of this little dog.

His mother, knowing that she had nothing to spare for food for a dog, at first attempted to drive it away; but it took refuge in Fred.'s arms, and moaned so piteously, that she at last allowed it to stay. And this humble animal—one of the brute creation—did indeed set a beautiful example to those of the human race. It perhaps did not know that Fred. was silly; but who shall say that it did not, for certain?—for a dog knows by the glance of your eye whether you are angry or pleased with him, and why should he not also discover the absence of reason in the countenance? But we will not stay now to talk about this, we will content ourselves with knowing that the dog loved Fred., and loved him alone, and Fred. seemed to love the dog.

And Mrs. Somers called the dog Truelove, in token of his fidelity to her child.

You must not suppose, my little reader, that Truelove was a very pretty dog. No, he was not

pretty; he was what I have heard some silly people call *an ugly brute.* But in this, again, he afforded another beautiful lesson; for from him we might learn that it is not from outward appearances that we must judge of persons altogether, but that it is their virtues that makes them valuable, and worthy to be loved.

Truelove watched his young master continually. Truelove was the last to watch him to sleep—Truelove was the first to welcome him, with bright eyes and a wagging tail, when he arose from his little bed. And when Fred. strayed away from home, which he did sometimes, Truelove was always at his side to draw him from danger.

Now it so happened, in one of his strayings from home, that Fred. was met by a number of men and boys of very bad character, who made sport of him, and pulled him about. And when Truelove saw them doing so, he became very fierce, though it was not in his nature to be so; and he barked loudly at them, at which they were much delighted. And one of the men

having made a loop in his handkerchief, fastened it round Truelove's neck and dragged him along, in spite of all his efforts to escape.

Fred. saw his young companion led away, but could do nothing to save him, and so wandered away home. But it had a very sad effect on his health. He became very ill, and pined away; and his mother knew not what had become of Truelove, and all her inquiries after him were in vain. All the kind people who helped her also made inquiries for Truelove, for they were much pleased with the attachment of the little dog for the poor idiot boy. And at last, after a month or two, Frank Melville, the son of a wealthy gentleman in the neighbourhood, while riding out on his horse, chanced to come where there was a fight between some men, when, stopping to inquire the cause of it, he found that it was a dispute as to the possession of a dog; and, on farther inquiry, he found that it was the pet dog of some idiot boy, from whom they had taken it.

The Melville family were as much beloved

as they were deserving of love, throughout the county in which they resided. Merit, in distress, was sure there to meet a protector and friend. The Melville family were a beautiful picture of the dignity of human nature; and Frank Melville was the eldest son and next heir to the family estates. An appeal to Frank's feelings was like an appeal to his duty, and the taking away of a poor idiot boy's dog was as the taking away of a rich man's estate. An appeal from the respected son of a respected family was sure to gain over the more worthy part of the crowd, and Frank appealed to them, and requested that the dog might be given up to him, that he might find the owner, and restore it to him.

Great was the clamour and noise that followed this appeal, and great was the abuse heaped on Frank. But there is a quiet dignity which virtue always feels when doing an act of right, and Frank Melville heard them not; but one of the bystanders having lifted up the dog to him, he fearlessly galloped off with it; the defeated party pursuing him with the most

wicked threats, and pelting him with stones till he had ridden out of sight.

Truelove seemed conscious that he had escaped from his enemies, and he licked the hand of his benefactor again and again, in token of his gratitude.

Frank arrived at home, and much amused were they all to see him come riding into the court-yard with a rough unsightly dog on his knees; but they judged from the attachment the dog showed him that they were old friends, and they waited quietly for his history.

Frank soon explained the whole matter, and each one of the young members of the family having patted Truelove's head, one of the men-servants was sent to inquire round the neighbourhood for the owner.

Many were the places at which he called, but without success, for the widow Somers was a retired and well-behaved woman, and she never meddled in other people's affairs, and other people had very little opportunity of knowing much of hers, and the grief occasioned by her

poor little son's affliction made her more retired than she otherwise would have been. After walking a considerable distance, he was about to return home, when he bethought him of calling on the sexton, who knew almost every person in the neighbourhood, and from him he learned Truelove's name and Truelove's nature; and having thanked the sexton for affording him all the information he sought, he returned home to tell of his success.

All the Melvilles at once decided on sending the dog back on the following morning, it being then late in the evening. But Frank Melville said that it was not above two miles off, and as it would afford so much happiness to have the dog returned, he thought it was a pity to delay that happiness, and he offered to take it home himself, to which his father consented, adding, that he had better have two of the horses saddled, and let one of the servants go with him. Frank, of course, was pleased with his father's consent, and the horses being ready, they set off with Truelove.

And now, my little reader, how shall I describe to you the joy of the widow Somers, the joy of Truelove, and, above all, the joy of Frank Melville. If you, my child, have lost a favourite, and have suddenly and unexpectedly found it again, you can feel but half what the widow Somers felt, for she had found the favourite of her favourite and only and afflicted child. If you have ever done an act of kindness, my child, which I hope you have, and many, you can feel what Frank Melville felt when he saw how much gladness he had caused by this simple act.

If you have seen the extreme of joy, which an animal can show, you may imagine the joy of Truelove, when he again found himself beside the being he had so singularly chosen to love. And if, my child, you have in your heart, a great store of gratitude, pour it all forth to your Creator, for his having blest you with reason; for the poor idiot child looked on with a kind of pleasure, but seemed not to know what real pleasure was. He patted Truelove only in a kind of excitement.

Frank Melville having delivered up the dog, and received the widow's warmest thanks, mounted his horse, and returned home full of happiness, to narrate what he had seen.

And now, my little readers, if you are pleased with this simple tale of Frank Melville's goodness, I am sure, when an opportunity occurs, you will defend a poor idiot from oppression, and admire the attachment which the faithful Truelove showed, and protect the dumb animal also.



SIMPLICITY.

[The following beautiful lines, are from "The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," for 1832. They are written by Mr. Laman Blanchard, upon the picture of a boy endeavouring to lay salt upon the tail of a bird.]

Gently, gently yet, young stranger!
Light of heart and light of heel;
Ere the bird perceives its danger,
On it slily steal.
Silence! ha! your scheme is failing—
No; pursue your pretty prey;
See, your shadow on the paling
Startles it away.

Hush! your step some note is giving;
Not a whisper—not a breath;
Watchful be as aught that's living,
And be mute as death!
Glide on ghost-like, still inclining
Downwards o'er it, as sure
As the sun is on us shining,
'Twill escape the lure.



Caution! now you're nearer creeping;
Nearer yet—how still it seems!
Sure the winged creature's sleeping,
Wrapt in forest dreams!
Golden sights that bird is seeing,
Nest of green on mossy bough;
Not a thought it hath of fleeing—
Yes, you'll catch it now.

How your eyes begin to twinkle,
Silence, and you'll scarcely fail;
Now stoop down, and softly sprinkle
Salt upon its tail.
Yes, you have it in your tether,
Never more to skim the skies;
Lodge the salt on this long feather,
Ha! it flies, it flies.

Hear it! hark! among the bushes,
Laughing at your idle lures;
Boy, the self-same feeling gushes
Through my heart and yours;
Baffled sportsman, childish mentor,
How have I been, hapless fault:
Led like you, my hopes to centre
In a grain of salt.

Time, thy feathers turn to arrows;
I for salt have used thy sand,
Wasting it on hopes like sparrows,
That elude the hand.
On what captures I've been counting,
Stooping here and creeping there,
All to see my bright hope mounting
High into the air.

Half my life I've been pursuing,
Plans often tried before;
Rhapsodies that end in ruin—
I and thousands more.
This young sportsman, be your warning,
Though you've lost some hours to day,
Others spend their life's fair morning
In no wiser way.

What hath been my holiest treasure;
What were *ye* unto my eyes:
Love and peace, and hope and pleasure,
Birds of Paradise.
Spirits that we think to capture,
By a false and childish scheme;
Until tears dissolve our raptures,
Darkness ends our dream.

Thus are objects loved the dearest,
Distant as the dazzling star;
And when we appear the nearest,
Farthest off we are.
Thus have children of all ages,
Seeing bliss before them fly,
Found their hearts but empty cages,
And there hopes on high.



THE DOG AND CAT.

THERE was once a dog and a cat sitting by a kitchen fire, when the cook came out and threw several pieces of meat to them.

They both sprang to get it, but the dog was the strongest, and so he drove the cat away, and ate all the meat himself. This was selfishness, by which I mean that the dog cared only for himself. The cat wanted the meat as much as he did, but he was the strongest, and so he took it all.

But was this wrong? No; because the dog knew no better. The dog has no idea of God, or of that beautiful golden rule of conduct which requires us to do to others as we would have them do to us. Dr. Watts says—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too."

But children have a different nature and a different rule of conduct. Instead of biting and fighting, they are required to be kind and gentle to one another and to all mankind.

Instead of being selfish like the dog, they are commanded to be just and charitable, by which I mean that they should always give to others what is their due, and also give to others, if they can, what they stand in need of.

If a child snatches from another what is not his he is selfish and very wicked. If a child tries in any way to get what belongs to another he is selfish and as bad as a thief or a robber.

Selfishness is caring only for one's self. It is a very bad thing, and every child should avoid it; a selfish person is never good, or happy, or beloved.

How miserable should we all be if every person were to care only for himself. Suppose children and grown up people were all to be as selfish as cats and dogs. What constant fighting there would be among them.

How dreadful would it be to see brothers and

sisters snarling and pulling each other's hair, and quarrelling about their food, and their playthings! We ought to be thankful to God, who has given us a higher nature than that of beasts, and enabled us to see and feel the duty of being kind and affectionate to one another.

And as we can see and feel this duty, we ought to be very careful always to observe it.



MY GARDEN.

Come, dear little friend,
To the garden we'll go;
I've water'd my rose-buds,
Come, see how they grow.

The first one that blossoms
My Mother's must be;
For as I watch these rose-buds,
She watch'd over me.

Here, here are some pinks
For your bosom and hair;
'Tis the pencil of Heaven,
That hath dyed them so fair.

How thick the young violets
Spring up at our feet;
Let us love the kind Power
That hath made them so sweet.

HOW WE LIVE.

People live by working for money in order to get food, clothes, houses, and all other things, which they need or would like to have. If they did not work, all the food that has already been produced would soon be eaten up, all the clothes would be worn out, and everything else would decay, so that the inhabitants of towns, and also those of the country, would be starved and die very miserably.

The necessity for each person's working at some kind of honest labour, is an obligation laid on us by the Creator, and it is a sin to live in idleness without a desire to work. We are, also, far more happy when we are working, than when we are idle, and this in itself ought to cause us to follow a course of active industry.

As children are not able to work they are supported for a number of years by their parents; but when they grow up they are expected to go to work for themselves. Some young persons are so ignorant, or have such bad dispositions, that they think it would be pleasant for them to live always by their parents' or others' working for them, and so remain idle all their days. They do not seem to care how much they take from their fathers or their mothers, who are sometimes so greatly distressed with the conduct of their children that they die of grief. This is very cruel and sinful conduct on the part of these young persons, which no boy or girl should imitate. It is the duty of all who have health and strength to labour for their own support.

In this large world there is room for all persons to work at some kind of useful employment: some are weak in body, but have active minds, and they are suited for professions for which little bodily labour is required. Thus every young person chooses the profession for which he is fitted, or which he can conveniently

follow. Young persons cannot in all cases follow the business they would like; both boys and girls must often do just as their friends advise them, and then trust to their own industry.

As some choose to be of one profession, and some of another, every profession, no matter what it be, has some persons following it as a means of living, and also assisting each other. The tailor makes clothes, the shoemaker makes shoes, the mason builds houses, the cabinetmaker makes furniture, the printer prints books, the butcher kills animals for food, the farmer raises grain from the fields, the miller grinds the grain into flour, and the baker bakes the flour into bread. Although all these persons follow different trades, they still assist each other: the tailor makes clothes for all the others, and gets some of their things in return; the shoemaker makes shoes for all the others, and gets some of their things in return; and in the same manner all the rest exchange their articles with each other. The exchange is not made in the articles themselves, for that would not be conve-

nient; it is made by means of money, which is to the same purpose.

Many persons in society are usefully employed in instructing, amusing, or taking care of others. Schoolmasters instruct youth in schools, and tutors and governesses give instruction in private families; clergymen instruct the people in their religious duties, and endeavour to persuade them to lead a good life; authors of books, editors of newspapers, musicians, painters of pictures, and others, delight and amuse their fellow creatures, and keep them from wearying in their hours of leisure. Unfortunately, some people, both old and young, are lazy or idle, and will not work at regular employments: and others spend improperly the most of the money which they earn. All these fall into a state of wretchedness and poverty; they become poor, and are a burden on society. Other persons are unfortunate in their business, and lose all that they have, so that they become poor also. Persons who suffer hardships of this kind should be pitied and treated with kindness by those who are able

to help them. Many persons, besides, become poor by old age and infirmity, and it is proper that they should be taken care of and supported. A beggar is a poor person, who does not feel ashamed to seek alms. Any one who is able to labour for a subsistence, should feel ashamed either to beg or to be classed among the poor.

God has taken care that the wants of all persons who labour and lead a regular life shall be satisfied. These wants are few in number, and consist chiefly of air, food, water, warmth, and clothing. Some of these we receive freely, but others we receive only by working for them. Some persons are contented if they can work for the bare necessaries of life; if they can get only as much plain food and coarse clothing as will keep them alive they are contented. If a person cannot by all his industry earn more than the bare necessaries of life it is right to be contented, but if he can easily earn money to buy comfortable clothing, and other means of comfort and rational enjoyment, it is wrong to be contented with the bare necessaries of life.

It is the duty of every one to try to better his condition, by skill and industry, in any kind of lawful employment. Let him only take care to abstain from indulgence in vicious luxuries. One of the most vicious of luxuries is *spirits* or liquors, which some people drink to make themselves intoxicated, or drunk. When a person is in this debased condition his senses and intellect are gone, and he does not know what he is doing. He cannot walk, but staggers, or rolls on the ground, and is a horrid spectacle to all who see him. Drunkenness is an odious vice, which leads to great misery and poverty, and the best way to avoid falling into it, is to abstain from tasting, or using any spirits, or intoxicating liquors.



SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

JACK FROST.

Who hath killed the pretty flowers,
Scattered in the Summer bowers?
Who hath spoiled their pretty bloom?
Who hath swept them to the tomb?
Sharp Jack Frost.

Who hath bound the deep, deep river?
Who hath made the old oak shiver?
Who hath wrapped the world in snow?
Who doth make the wild winds blow?
Sharp Jack Frost.

Who doth ride on snowy-drift,
When the night wind's keen and swift,
O'er the land and o'er the sea,
Bent on mischief—who is he?
Sharp Jack Frost.

Who doth strike with icy dart
The way-worn traveller to the heart?
Who doth make the ocean-wave
The seaman's home—the seaman's grave?
Sharp Jack Frost.

Who doth prowl at midnight hour,
Like a thief, around the door;
Through each crack and crevice creeping,
Through the very key-hole peeping?
Sharp Jack Frost.



NIGHT.

The sun is setting in the west: it seems to go down behind the hills. Darkness is coming over the valleys. The birds have ceased their song, and are gathering into the forest or the thick branches of the trees.

The hen has gone to her shelter, and gathered her chickens under her wing. The flies, and gnats, and butterflies, are gone to their rest. The cows and sheep have lain down to their

repose. Stillness seems to have come over the world. The sun has set. It is dark. It is getting chill and damp. It is night.

Do you see those little shining points in the sky? What are they? We call them stars; but they are worlds far away, and very likely they are covered with trees, and hills, and rivers, and cities, and people.

We cannot go to them, nor can any one come from them to tell us about them. They are God's worlds, and they are no doubt as useful as they are beautiful.

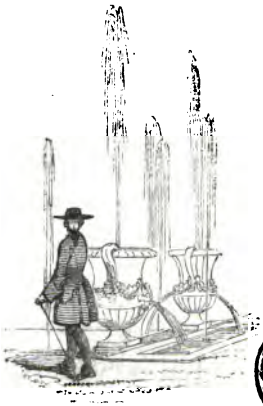
How wonderful is night. How fearful would it be if it were to last for ever. But we know that the sun will come to-morrow to give us its cheerful light and heat. Let us go to rest, then, for night is made for sleep.

But let us first think of that great and good Being who has made all these wonders. Let us put our trust in Him. In His care we are safe. But we must ask His protection, and seek His forgiveness for all our faults.

Oh! how fearful would it be if there were no

God! How sad would it be if God were not our friend! How sad would it be if we were to be unkind to others, and to feel that He might not be kind to us! How sad would it be if we were so wicked as to feel afraid of Him, the best and kindest of all beings!

This would indeed be dreadful! But we may all be good if we try to be so. Even if we have done wrong, we may go to Him and ask His forgiveness; and, if we ask sincerely, He will not refuse it.



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